

Chrononhotonthologos.

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[H. Baily]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Chrononhotonthologos, *King of Queerummania.*

Bombardinian, *his General.*

Aldiborontiphoscophornio, } *Courtiers.*

Rigdum-Funnidos,

Captain of the Guards.

Herald.

Cook.

Doctor.

King of the Fidlers.

King of the Antipodes.

Fadladinida, *Queen of Queerummania.*

Tatlanthe, *her Favourite.*

Two Ladies of the Court.

Two Ladies of Pleasure.

Venus.

Cupid.

Guards and Attendants, &c.

SCENE, QUEERUMMANIA.

SCENE,

An Anti-Chamber in the Palace.

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphoscophornio.

Rig. Fun. Aldiborontiphoscophornio!

A Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

Aldi. Fatigu'd with the tremendous toils of war,
Within his tent, on downy couch succumbent,
Himself he unfatigues with gentle slumbers:
Lull'd by the cheerful trumpets gladsome clangor,
The noise of drums, and thunder of artillery,
He sleeps supine amidst the din of war:
And yet 'tis not definitively sleep;
Rather a kind of doze, a waking slumber,
That sheds a stupefaction o'er his senses:
For now he nods and snores; anon he starts;
Then nods and snores again. If this be sleep,
Tell me, ye gods! what mortal man's awake!
What says my friend to this?

Rig. Fun.----Say! I say he sleeps dog-sleep:
What a plague wou'd you have me say?

Aldi. O impious thought! O curs'd insinuation!
As if great Chrononhotonthologos,
To animals detestable and vile,
Had aught the least similitude!

Rig. My dear friend! you entirely misapprehend me: I did not call the King dog by craft; I was only going to tell you that the soldiers have just now receiv'd their pay, and are all as drunk as so many swabbers.

Aldi. Give orders instantly that no more money be issu'd to the troops: mean time, my friend, let the baths be fill'd with seas of coffee, to stupify their souls into sobriety.

Rig. I fancy you had better banish the sotlers, and blow the Geneva casks to the devil.

Aldi. Thou counsel'st well, my Rigdum-Funnidos, and reason seems to father thy advice:
But, soft!----The King in pensive contemplation seems to resolve on some important doubt;
His soul, too copious for his earthly fabrick, starts forth, spontaneous, in soliloquy,
And makes his tongue the midwife of his mind.
Let us retire, lest we disturb his solitude.

[*They retire.*]

Enter King.

King. This God of Sleep is watchful to torment me,

And rest is grown a stranger to my eyes:
Sport not with Chrononhotonthologos,
Thou idle slumb'rer, thou detested Somnus;
For, if thou dost, by all the waking pow'rs

Chrononhotonthologos.

I'll tear thine eye-balls from their leaden-sockets,
And force thee to out-stare eternity.

[Exit in a buff.

Re-enter Rigdum and Aldiboronti.

Rig.---The King is in a most cursed passion!
Pray who the devil is this Mr. Somnus, he's so an-
gry withal?

Aldi. The son of Chaos and of Erebus,
Incestuous pair! Brother of Mors relentless,
Whose speckled robe, and wings of blackest hue,
Astonish all mankind with hideous glare;
Himself with sable plumes, to men benevolent,
Brings downy slumbers and refreshing sleep.

Rig. This gentleman may come of a very good
family, for aught I know; but I would not be in
his place for the world.

Aldi. But, lo! the King, his footsteps this way
His cogitative faculties immers'd [bending,
In cogibundity of cogitation:

Let silence close our folding-doors of speech,
Till apt attention tell our heart the purport
Of this profound profundity of thought.

Re-enter King, Nobles, Attendants, &c.

King.---It is resolv'd-----Now, Somnus, I
defy thee,

And from mankind ampute thy curs'd dominion.
These royal eyes thou never more shalt close.
Henceforth let no man sleep, on pain of death:
Instead of sleep, let pompous pageantry
Keep all mankind eternally awake.
Bid Harlequino decorate the stage
With all magnificence of decoration:
Giants and giantesses, dwarfs and pigmies,
Songs, dances, music in its amplest order,
Mimes, pantomimes, and all the mimic motion
Of scene deceptiove and sublime.

[The flat scene draws.

The King is seated, and a grand Pantomime Enter-
tainment is performed; in the midst of which en-
ters a Captain of the Guards.

Capt. To arms! to arms! great Chrononhoton-
thologos!

Th' Antipodean pow'rs, from realms below,
Have burst the solid entrails of the earth;
Gushing such catracts of forces forth,
This world is too incopious to contain 'em:
Armies on armies march, in form stupendous;
Not like our earthly regions, rank by rank,
But tear o'er tear, high pil'd from earth to heaven;
A blazing bullet, bigger than the sun,
Shot from a huge and monstrous culverin,
Has laid your royal citadel in ashes.

King. Peace, coward? were they wedg'd like
golden ingots,

Or pent so close as to admit no vacuum;
One look from Chrononhotonthologos
Shall scare them into nothing. Rigdum-Funnidos,
Bid Bombardinian draw his legions forth,
And meet us in the plains of Queerummania.
This very now ourselves shall there conjoin him.
Mean time, bid all the priests prepare their temples
For rites of triumph: Let the singing fingers,
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
Ev'n sound itself. So be it as we have order'd.

[Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE, A magnificent Apartment.

Enter Queen, Tatlanthe, and two Ladies.

Queen. Day's curtain's drawn, the morn begins
to rise,
And waking nature rubs her sleepy eyes:
The pretty little fleecy, bleating flocks,
In bar's harmonious warble thro' the rocks;

Night gathers up her shades in sable shrouds,
And whisp'ring oziars tattle to the clouds.

What think you, ladies, if an hour we kill,
At basset, ombre, piquet, or quadrille?

Tat.---Your Majesty was pleas'd to order tea.

Queen.---My mind is alter'd; bring some ratifia.

[They are serv'd round with a dram.

I have a famous fidler sent from France.
Bid him come in. What think ye of a dance?

Enter Fidler.

Fid.-----Thus to your Majesty, says the sup-
Wou'd you a Solo or Sonata chuse; [pliant mule,
Or bold Concerto, or soft Sicilinia,
Alla Francese overo in Gusto Romano?

When you command, 'tis done as soon as spoke.

Queen. A civil fellow!---play us the Black Joak.

[Music plays.

[Queen and Ladies dance the Black Joak.
'so much for dancing; now let's rest awhile.
Bring in the tea-things---does the kettle boil?

Tat.---The water bubbles; and the tea-cups skip,
Through eager hope to kiss your royal lip.

[Tea brought in.

Queen.-----Come, Ladies, will you please to
chuse your tea;

Or green imperial, or Pekoe bohea? [seen,

1st Lady.---Never, no, never sure on earth was
So gracious, sweet, and affable a queen.

2d Lady.---She is an angel.

1st Lady.-----She's a goddess rather.

Tat. She's angel, queen, and goddess, all together.

Queen.---Away! you flatter me.

1st Lady.-----We don't indeed:

Your merit does our praise by far exceed.

Queen.---You make me blush: Pray help me
to a fan.

1st Lady. That blush becomes you.

Tat.-----Wou'd I were a man.

Queen. I'll hear no more of these fantastic airs.

[Bell rings.

The bell rings in: Come, ladies, let's to pray'rs.

[They dance off.

SCENE, An Anti-Chamber.

Enter Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldiborontiphosco-
phornio.

Rig. 'Egad, we're in the wrong box! Who the
devil wou'd have thought that Chrononhotontho-
logos shou'd bear that mortal sight of Tippodeans?
Why, there's not a mother's child of them to be
seen: 'egad, they footed it away as fast as their
hands could carry 'em; but they have left their
King behind 'em. We have him safe, that's one
comfort.

Aldi.---Wou'd he were still at amplest liberty!

For, oh! my dearest Rigdum-Funnidos,
I have a riddle to unriddle to thee,
Shall make thee stare thyself into a statue.
Our Queen's in love with this Antipodean.

Rigdum. The devil he is? Well, I see mischief
is going forward with a vengeance.

Aldi. But, lo! the conq'r'or comes, all crown'd
with conquest!

A solemn triumph graces his return.
Let's grasp the forelock of this apt occasion,
To greet the victor in his flow of glory.

A grand Triumph.

Enter Chrononhotonthologos, Guards and Atten-
dants, &c. met by Rigdum-Funnidos and Aldi-
borontiphosco-phornio.

Aldi.-----All hail to Chrononhotonthologos!
Thrice trebly welcome to your loyal subjects.
Myself and faithful Rigdum-Funnidos,
Lost in a labyrinth of love and loyalty, •

Intreat you to inspect our inmost souls,
And read in them what tongue can never utter.

Chro.----Aldiborontiphosphornio,
To thee, and gentle Rigdum-Funnidos,
Our gratulations flow in streams unbonded:
Our bounty's debtor to your loyalty,
Which shall with int'rest be repaid e're long.
But where's our Queen! where's Fadladinida!
She should be foremost in this gladsome train,
To grace our triumph; but I see she slights me.
This haughty Queen shall be no longer mine,
Ill have a sweet and gentle concubine.

Rig.---Now, my dear little Phosphorny, for a
swinging lye to bring the Queen off, and I'll run
with it to her this minute, that we may all be in
a stay. Say she has got the thorough-go-nimble.

[*Whispers, and steals off.*]

Aldi.---Speak not, great Chrononhotonthologos,
In accents so injuriously severe,
Of Fadladinida, your faithful queen:
By me she sends an embassy of love,
Sweet blandishments and kind congratulations,
But cannot, oh! she cannot come herself.

King.----Our rage is turn'd to fear: What ails
the queen?

Aldi. A sudden diarrhoea's rapid force
So stimulates the peristaltic motion,
That she by far out-does her late out-doing,
And all conclude her royal life in danger.

King. Bid the physicians of the world assemble
In consultation, solemn and sedate.
More to corroborate their sage resolves,
Call from their graves the learned men of old:
Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus;
Doctors, apothecaries, surgeons, chymists,
All, all, attend; and see they bring their med'cines.
Whole magazines of galli-potted nostrums,
Materializ'd in Pharmaceutic order.
The man that cures our queen shall have our em-
pire!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE, a Garden.

Enter Tatlanthe and Queen.

Queen. Heigh ho! my heart!

Tat.----What ails my gracious queen?

Queen. O would to Venus I had never seen—

Tat. Seen what, my royal mistress?

Queen.-----Too, too much!

Tat. Did it affright you?

Queen.-----No, 'tis nothing such.

Tat. What was it, madam?

Queen.-----Really I don't know.

Tat. It must be something!

Queen.-----No!

Tat. Or nothing!

Queen.-----No.

Tat. Then I conclude, of course, since it was
neither,

Nothing and something jumbled well together.

Queen. Oh! my Tatlanthe, have you never seen?

Tat. Can I guess what, unless you tell, my queen?

Queen. The king I mean.

Tat.-----Just now return'd from war:

He rides like Mars in his triumphal car.

Conquest precedes with laurels in his hand;

Behind him Fame does on her tripos stand;

Her golden trump shrill thro' the air she sounds,

Which rends the earth, and thence to heaven re-
Trophies and spoils innumerable grace [bounds;

This triumph, which all triumphs does deface:

Haste then, great queen! your hero thus to meet,

Who longs to lay his laurels at your feet.

Queen.----Art mad, Tatlanthe? I meant not
such thing.

Your talk's distasteful.

Tat.-----Didn't you name the king?

Queen. I did, Tatlanthe, but it was not thine;
The charming king I mean, is only mine.

Tat. Who else, who else, but such a charming
fair,

In Chrononhotonthologos should share?

The queen of beauty, and the god of arms,

In him and you united blend their charms.

Oh! had you seen him, how he dealt out death,

And at one stroke robb'd thousands of their breath;

While on the slaughter'd heaps himself did rise,

In pyramids of conquest to the skies:

The gods all hail'd, and fain would have him stay;

But your bright charms have call'd him thence
away.

Queen. This does my utmost indignation raise:

You are too pertly lavish in his praise.

Leave me for ever!

[*Tatlanthe kneeling.*]

Tat.-----Oh! what shall I say?

Do not, great queen, your anger thus display!

O frown me dead! let me not live to hear

My gracious queen and mistress so severe!

I've made some horrible mistake, no doubt!

Oh! tell me what it is!

Queen.-----No, find it out.

Tat. No, I will never leave you; here I'll grow

Till you some token of forgiveness show:

Oh! all ye pow'rs above, come down, come down!

And from her brow dispel that angry frown.

Queen. Tatlanthe, rise, you have prevail'd at
last:

Offend no more, and I'll excuse what's past.

[*Tatlanthe aside, rising.*]

Tat. Why, what a fool was I, not to perceive
her passion for the topfy-turvy king, the gentleman
that carries his head where his heels should be!
But I must tack about, I see.

[*To the Queen.*]

Excuse me, gracious Madam! if my heart

Bears sympathy with your's in ev'ry part;

With you alike I sorrow and rejoice,

Approve your passion, and commend your choice;

The captive king-----

Queen.-----That's he! that's he! that's he!

I'd die ten thousand deaths to set him free!

Oh! my Tatlanthe! have you seen his face,

His air, his shape, his mien, his ev'ry grace?

In what a charming attitude he stands,

How prettily he foots it with his hands!

Well, to his arms, no, to his legs I fly,

For I must have him, if I live or die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, A Bed-chamber.

Chrononhotonthologos asleep.

[*Rough music, viz.*]

Salt-boxes and Rolling-pins, Gridirons and Tong's,
Sow-gelders Horns, Marrow-bones and Cleavers,
&c. &c.

[*He wakes.*]

Chro. What heav'nly sounds are these that charm
my ears!

Sure 'tis the music of the tuneful spheres.

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Capt. A messenger from Gen'ral Bombardinian
Craves instant audience of your majesty.

Chro. Give him admittance.

Enter Herald.

Her. Long life to Chrononhotonthologos!

Your faithful Gen'ral Bombardinian

Sends you his tongue, transplanted in my mouth

To pour his soul out in your royal ears.

Chrononhotonthologos.

Chro. Then use thy master's tongue with reverence,
Nor waste it in thine own loquacity, [re-
But briefly and at large declare thy message.

Her. Suspend awhile, great Chrononhotonthologos,
The fate of empires, and the toils of war,
And in my tent let's quaff Phalernian wine,
Till our souls mount, and emulate the gods.
Two captive females, beauteous as the morn,
Submissive to your wishes, court your option.
Haste then, great king, to bless us with your presence.
Our scouts already watch the wish'd approach,
Which shall be welcom'd by my drums dread rattle,
The cannons thunder, and the trumpets blast;
While I, in front of mighty myrmidons,
Receive my king in all the pomp of war.

Chro. Tell him I come; my flying steed prepare;
Ere thou art half on horseback, I'll be there.

SCENE, a Prison.

The King of the Antipodes discover'd asleep on a Couch.
Enter Queen.

Queen. Is this a place, oh! all ye gods above!
This a reception for the man I love?
See in what sweet tranquility he sleeps,
While nature's self at his confinement weeps.
Rise, lovely-monarch! see your friend appear,
No Chrononhotonthologos is here.
Command your freedom, by this sacred ring;
Then command me: What says my charming king?

[*She puts the Ring in his Mouth; he bends the Sea-Crab, and makes a roaring noise.*]

Queen. What can this mean! he lays his feet at
Is this of love, or hate, his country's sign? [mine;
Ah, wretched queen! how hapless is thy lot,
To love a man that understands thee not!
Oh, lovely Venus, goddess all divine!
And gentle Cupid, that sweet son of thine!
Assist, assist me, with your sacred art,
And teach me to obtain this stranger's heart!

Venus descends in her Chariot, and sings.

A I R.

Ven. See Venus does attend thee,

My dilding, my dilding.

Love's goddess will befriend thee,

Lily bright and shinee.

With pity and compassion,

My dilding, my dilding.

She sees thy tender passion,

Lily, &c. Da Capo.

A I R changes.

To thee I yield my pow'r divine,

Dance over the Lady Lee.

Demand whate'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,

My gay lady.

Take this magic wand in hand,

Dance, &c.

All the world's at thy command,

My gay, &c. Da Capo.

Cupid descends and sings.

A I R.

Are you a widow, or are you a wife?

Gilliflow'r, gentle rosemary.

Or are you a maiden, so fair and so bright

As the dew that flies over the mulberry-tree?

Queen. Would I were a widow, as I am a wife,

Gilliflow'r, &c.

But I'm, to my sorrow, a maiden as bright,

As the dew, &c.

Cupid. You shall be a widow before it is night,

Gilliflow'r, &c.

No longer a maiden so fair and so bright

As the dew, &c.

Two jolly young husbands your person shall share,
Gilliflow'r, &c.
No longer a maiden so fair and so bright

Two jolly young husbands your person shall share,
Gilliflow'r, &c.
And twenty fine babies, all lovely and fair,

Queen. O thanks, Mr. Cupid, for this your good news!
Gilliflow'r, &c.

What woman alive would such favours refuse?

While the dew, &c.
Venus and Cupid re-ascend; the Queen goes off,
and the King of the Antipodes follows walking
on his Hands. [Scene closes.]

SCENE, Bombardinian's Tent.

King and Bombardinian, at a Table with two Ladies.

Bomb. This honour, royal Sir! so royalizes
The royalty of your most royal actions,
The dumb can only utter forth your praise;
For we, who speak, want words to tell our meaning.
Here! fill the goblet with Phalernian wine;
And, while our monarch drinks, bid the shrill trum-
Tell all the gods that we propine their healths. [pet
King. Hold, Bombardinian, I esteem it fit,
With so much wine, to eat a little bit.

Bomb. See that the table instantly be spread,
With all that art and nature can produce.
Traverse from pole to pole; sail round the globe;
Bring every eatable that can be eat;
The king shall eat, tho' all mankind be starv'd.

Cook. I am afraid his majesty will be starv'd be-
fore I can run round the world for a dinner; besides,
where's the money?

King. Ha! dost thou prattle, contumacious slave!
Guards, seize the villain; broil him, fry him,
stew him!

Ourselves shall eat him, out of mere revenge.

Cook. O pray your majesty, spare my life; there's
some nice cold pork in the pantry; I'll hash it for
your majesty in a minute.

Chro. Be thou first hash'd in hell, audacious slave!

[*Kills him, and turns to Bombardinian.*]

Hash'd pork! Shall Chrononhotonthologos
Be fed with swine's flesh, and at second-hand?
Now by the gods, thou dost insult us, General!

Bomb. The gods can witness, that I little thought
Your majesty to other flesh than this
Had aught the least propensity.

[*Points to the ladies.*]

King. Is this a dinner for a hungry monarch?

Bomb. Monarchs as great as Chrononhotontholo-
Have made a very hearty meal of worse. [gos,

King. Ha, traitor! dost thou brave me to my teeth?
Take this reward, and learn to mock thy master.

[*Strikes him.*]

Bomb. A blow! shall Bombardinian take a blow?
Blush, blush, thou sun! start back, thou rapid ocean!
Hills, vales, seas, mountains! all commixing crum-
And into chaos pulverize the world; [ble,
For Bombardinian has receiv'd a blow,
And Chrononhotonthologos shall die! [Draws.

[*The women run off, crying, Help! Murder, &c.*]

King. What means the traitor?

Bomb. -----Traitor, in thy teeth
Thus I defy thee.

[*They fight; he kills the King.*]

Ha! What have I done?

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be call'd;
And let the man that calls it be the caller;
And, in his calling, let him nothing call,

Chrononhotonthologos.

But coach! coach! coach! Oh, for a coach, ye gods!

[Exit raving.]

Returns with a Doctor.

Bomb. How fares your majesty?

Doct. ----- My lord, he's dead.

Bomb. Ha! dead? impossible! it cannot be!
I'd not believe it, tho' himself should swear it.

Go join his body to his soul again,
Or, by this light, thy soul shall quit thy body.

Doct. My lord, he's far beyond the power of phy-
His soul has left his body and this world. [sic,

Bomb. Then go to t'other world and fetch it back.

[Kills him.]

And, if I find thou triflest with me there,
I'll chase thy shade through myriads of orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the verge of nature.

Ha!---Call'st thou, Chrononhotonthologos?

I come! your faithful Bombardinian comes!

He comes, in worlds unknown to make new wars,
And gain thee empires num'rous as the stars.

[Kills himself.]

Enter Queen and others.

Aldi. O horrid, horrible, and horriest horror!

Our king! our general! our cook! our doctor!

All dead! stone dead! irrevocably dead!

O----h!

[All groan, a Tragedy groan.]

Queen. My husband dead! Ye gods, what is't you
To make a widow of a virgin queen? [mean,

For, to my great misfortune, he, poor king,
Has left me so; i'n't that a wretched thing?

Tat. Why then, dear Madam, make no farther
Were I your majesty, I'd try another. [pothor;

Queen. I think 'tis best to follow thy advice.

Tat. I'll fit you with a husband in a trice:

Here's Rigdum-Funnidos, a proper man;

If any one can please a queen, he can.

Rig. Ay, that I can, and please your majesty.

So, ceremonies apart, let's proceed to business.

Queen. Oh, but the mourning takes up all my
care:

I'm at a loss what kind of weeds to wear.

Rig. Never talk of mourning, Madam,

One ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow;

Let's bed to-night, and then we'll wed to-morrow.

I'll make thee a great man, my little Phosphorny.

[To Aldi. aside.]

Aldi. I scorn your bounty, I'll be king, or no-
Draw, miscreant! draw! [thing.]

sig. ----- No, Sir, I'll take the law.

[Runs behind the Queen.]

Queen. Well, gentlemen, to make the matter easy,

I'll have you both; and that, I hope, will please ye.

And now, Tatlanthe, thou art all my care:

Where shall I find thee such another pair?

Pity that you, who've serv'd so long, so well,

Shou'd die a virgin, and lead apes in hell!

Choose for yourself, dear girl, our empire round,

Your portion is twelve hundred thousand pound.

Aldi. Here! take these dead and bloody corpses
away;

Make preparation for our wedding-day.

Instead of sad solemnity and black,

Our hearts shall swim in claret and in sack.



Johnston & Co